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Hans Von Smash.

BY

T. S. DENISON.

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1878.

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HANS VON SMASH.

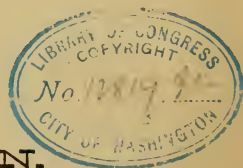
A FARCE.

T. S. DENISON,

*Author of Odds with the Enemy; The Sparkling Cup; Seth Greenback;
Louva, the Pauper; Wanted, A Correspondent; Initiating a Granger;
A Family Strike; The Assessor; Two Ghosts in White;
Borrowing Trouble; The Pull-Back;
Country Justice; etc.*

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CHARACTERS.

HANS VON SMASH.

MR. BATCH.

HENRY DASHER.

JOHN PRETTYMAN.

MARY BATCH.

SUSIE BATCH.

KATIE, servant.

COSTUMES.

Hans in dress to represent a German emigrant lately arrived. Prettyman to represent a dandy. Mary and Susie in plain working dress in the prologue, in neat evening dress in the farce proper. Others in dress suitable to the character.

SITUATIONS.

R means right for the actor as he faces the audience;
L, left; *C*, center.

HANS VON SMASH.

PROLOGUE.

SCENE.—Room in a farm house. Doors R and L. Sofa R. Chairs R and L. Pictures, &c. Farmer BATCH discovered as curtain rises, reading a paper. Knocking at door L. BATCH opens door L. Enter HANS.

Hans. Goot tay, Meester!

Batch. Good day! Come in! Take a chair!

Hans. Vat do you tink apout te wetter to-morrow?

Batch. Well, I don't know. What do you think about it?

Hans. Ach! I shust tinks if it ton't clear up te cloudy wetter tay before to-morrow, maype it was rainin next tay.

Batch. Probably so! A very pointed observation, considered in a meteorological sense!

Hans. Ya! ya! Dot's yoost vot I was bin dryin' to say all dair wile. (*A pause. Batch reads.*) Maype you hires mine hants.

Batch. What did you say?

Hans. Mine hants! (*Holds up his hands.*) Maype you hires dem! To hoe in de garten! Oond tig te grount opples.

Batch. Oh! I understand. I do want a hand.

Hans. Himmel! I hires poth hants!

Batch. I want only one hand at present. May be Jones, the next neighbor, will take one!

Hans. Py dunder! How was I workin' mit one hant for you and mit te oder for Shones? I works mit poth ter hants in one place!

Batch. Oh! I see now! What do you want a month?

Hans. (*Puzzled.*) I tink so!

Batch. What wages do you ask for your services?

Hans. *Serfices!* I guess dot's goot enough! I takes dot efery month.

Batch. Well, I think I'll hire you. What can you do?

Hans. I dos anything.

Batch. Do you object to the chores, after a day's work?

Hans. Chaws! I was not particlars a bit; I eats all de womens cooks for te table to put on.

Batch. I mean are you willing to feed the pigs and get kindlin after you quit work?

Enter KATIE, R. She dusts about the room.

Hans. Ya! ya! I feels te pigs oond te kindlin's. I bin not particlars.

Batch. All right. What is your name?

Hans. Hans Von Smash!

Batch. Very good. My name is Batch. We'll get along together, I think. Now, Mr. Von Smash, you've not been in this country long; let me give you a little advice!

Hans. Advice! Ya! Dot's goot, Meester Patch.

Batch. You are not used to the ways of Americans yet. Learn by observing others. Always think twice before you speak, and look before you leap. Do you understand?

Hans. Fershtay? Ya! I tinks so.

Katie. (*Aside.*) Sure an' he's as green as a frosted gourd.

Batch. Hans, I am going away this afternoon and may not be back before to-morrow. The girls will show you your work. I will leave you in charge of the place. Look out for tramps.

Hans. Tramps! Vot ist dot?

Batch. Men! They roam the country and do mischief. If you let them in the house they may steal something. If they get in kick them out if they don't behave.

Hans. I keep them right out!

Batch. Mr. Von Smash, bring up the horses from the field back of the barn, and feed them half a peck of oats apiece. Feed the fattening hogs in the pen two or three baskets of corn. Do you understand?

Hans. Ya! I fershtays dot, Mr. Patch. (*Exit Batch, L. Hans looks around.*) Meester Patch got one booty nice blace to shtop, I dinks. (*Sees Katie.*) Goot tay, Fraulein!

Katie. Fryline! Ye spalpeen, will ye be callin' a dacint girrel names to her face? Shame on ye, Misther Von Smash-up, or whatever your haythen name is.

Hans. Oh my helts ist booty goot, I dank you.

Katie. Shure an' it wasn't your health I was talkin' about, ye ill mannered baste ye.

Hans. Vat you say, Fraulein? I no fershtay, *Madam.*

Katie. Faith he's swearin' at me, I belave. If I had a shillelah I'd crack your noggin, I would.

Hans. (*Puzzled.*) Ya! ya! Are you te gal dot tells me vat I will do?

Katie. If I did I would tell you to make tracks off the place intirely. Musha! an' what does the master mane a bringin' a dirty Dutchman here with his furrin' ways an' his breath a smel-in' of sourkrout, to shame the sineses of respectable people. (*Impatiently.*) Faith an' I think I'll get my character an' lave at once.

Hans. (*Aside.*) By dunder, she talks booty goot; yoost like a shtump talker. (*Aloud.*) Vat will I do dis afternoon, now. Te gals were to tell me, Mr. Patch said.

Katie. I'll ask the girrels, then, for it's not meself will be takin' orders to the likes of ye.

Hans. Ist dot so? (*Exit Katie, R.*) Ach! dese Americans bin funny beoples. Dot one shpeaks not one bit like Mr. Patch. Vat

did he tell me to do for atwice? (*Thinks.*) Ya! he said dink a coople times oond den shpeak. Py dunder! dot gal shpeaks a coople times oond den tink. (*Thinks.*) Oond he said, "Shoomp a coople times oond den look pack." Ach! dot's good atwice. I minds dot. Tink tswi times oond look pack—no, oond shpeak. Shoomp a coople times oond look pack. Vat for do you look pack?

Enter MARY and SUSIE, R.

Mary. Are you Mr. Von Smash?

Hans. Ya! ya! dot bin me, Fraulein.

Susie. (*Aside.*) What did he say about a *line*?

Mary. (*Aside.*) I don't know. What an odd name he has.

Hans. (*Aside.*) Tey was shpeakin' a coople times before tey tink. I'll yoost see if tey shoomp twice times pefore tey look pack.

Mary. You want work?

Hans. Ya!

Mary. Well, you may saw wood till supper time, and do the chores after supper.

Hans. Where must I put te chores? (*Girls laugh.*)

Mary. I see you don't understand. The chores are feeding the horses and hogs and driving up the cows.

Hans. Where will I drive for te cows?

Mary. (*Laughing.*) Oh, you don't *drive* for the cows. You *walk* and drive the cows.

Hans. Himmel! dot peats me; *I walk oond te cows drives.*

Susie. You *bring* them to be milked.

Hans. Oh, ya! ya! I upderstands now. Say, Frauleins, ist dot oder American gal a seester of yours? (*Girls laugh.*)

Susie. Oh, no, she is our servant.

Mary. Mr. Von Smash, you may go to work as soon as you are ready. (*Exeunt girls, R.*)

Hans. *A serfant!* May pe dot ist American language for cous-in. Dot American language ist a funny language ven it makes a man *walk* while the cows *drive*. Py dunder! te funniest ting is dese Americans don't all shpeak te language alike. But I guess I got ein booty goot blace. I moost saw wood all tay oond drive oop te chores in te evenin'. Oond booty gals, too! I shpeaks dot ad-wice ofer anoder time, so I forgets it not at all. How ist dot? "Tink a coople of times oond shpeak. Shump a coople of times oond look pack." I wonder what you looks pack for? Py him-mel! I got him; you looks pack to see how far you shoumped. (*Exit, L.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT I

SCENE.—*Same as in Prologue. Room arranged for company. Vase of flowers on table. Books, albums, etc., displayed on table, Rocking chair L of center table. Lamp burning.*

Enter HANS, L.

Hans. Dis ist a funny country. Man work till dark oond den gets after te chores. Py dunder! I ton't guess I like dem chores at all. I moost first trive oop te cows. One of tem cows will not trive goot. I yoost hit him mit a shtick. Py himmel! dot cow lifted me on his head oond drowed me mit de fence ofer. I was mat! I sewed more as one hour on te hole where dot tence went through my bantagoon preeches. Te gals laughed like a circus. Tem gals got shplendit good dempers. Tey told me I moost not at all pring oop dot cow. Ach! I tinks I wouldn't pring him any more. Oond vat a lot of porks! Meester Patch sait I will feed dem porks some pushels of corn, oond te horses only one peck of weet. Dot was not fair. Te horses bin more as seven times pigger as te porks. I yoost divides oond geefs efery horse a pushel of weet, oond efery pork a pushel of corn. Ach! I bin so tired! Oond dot fence made trouble in my pack. (*Rubs his back. Sits in easy chair.*) Dot's a goot schtool! (*Rocks.*) Dot's easy! Oond posies! (*Smells the bouquet.*) Acth! tem maitens know yoost how to fix up a house. Vot dimes ish dot? Dot moost bin apout half past bed time.

Enter KATIE, R.

Katie. (*Aside.*) Och! it's a foine easy time he's havin' rockin' himself in the parlor like a gintleman. (*Aloud.*) Misther Von Smash-up, the hired men sit in the kitchen.

Hans. Oh dis room bin goot enough!

Katie. Good enough! The girrels will be startin' ye out o' here when their beaux come.

Hans. Katrina, te Americans don't shpeak teir language all alike.

Katie. My name is Katie, shure, it's none o' your Dutch Katrinas.

Hans. So? Vell, Katie, you don't shpeak mit words like your cousins, te oder gals.

Katie. (*Aside.*) He's takin' me for an American. An' why shouldn't he, for I've no furrin' ways about me at all. Misther Von Smash-it, we shpeak different *accints* in this country. It's the style.

Hans. Occidents! So? Katie-reena, mebbe I will have one occident, too, when I gets te Americanish style!

Katie. (*Aside.*) Faith he's not a bad gintleman at last. (*Aloud.*) Misther Smash-up, your bed-room is up stairs, second door to the right.

Hans. Ya! ya! All right. (*Exit Katie, R.*) Vell, I was shleepy now; but tem tramps, I was to look out for tem. Tey bin not here, oond I waits a shpell. (*Sits and rocks.*)

Enter MARY, R.

Mary. (*Aside.*) Why, is he here yet? I expect John every minute. (*Aloud.*) Mr. Von Smash, your bed-room is at the head of the stairs, on the right.

Hans. Ya! ya! I fershtay! (*Exit Mary, L.*) How clefer tem gals bin!

Enter SUSIE, R.

Susie. (*Aside.*) Good gracious! There's that Dutchman! (*Aloud.*) Mr. — Mr. —

Hans. Ya!

Susie. Mr. Smash, there's a fire in the kitchen stove if you prefer it.

Hans. Fire! I runned after te horses enough to warm a ople of shtoves.

Susie. You look tired. Your bed-room is at the right hand stairs.

Hans. Oh, I likes dis room. (*Smells bouquet.*)

Susie. (*Aside.*) Well, I declare! And Henry may come at any me. I'll find a way to get him out. (*Exit L.*)

Hans. Tem gals bin sociable kind of maitens. Tey makes a fellow feel yoost right at home. I likes tem petter as te chores.

Enter SUSIE L, with oyster can.

Susie. Mr. Smash, will you please come to the kitchen and pen this can of oysters for me?

Hans. Ya! ya! I opens him mit—mit—himmel—mit—

Susie. With a can-opener!

Hans. No! mit happiness! Geef him! (*Takes can and drops on his knees, and opens his knife.*)

Susie. Oh not there! Come to the kitchen for the can-opener.

Hans. My yackknife will do! (*Begins.*)

Susie. You will injure the carpet!

Hans. Dot injury will not harm te carpet. (*The lid suddenly gives way and spills oysters on the carpet.*)

Susie. Oh dear! You've ruined the carpet! (*Bell rings.*) There's Henry! (*Runs out L.*)

Hans. (*Excited.*) Py dunder, tem oysters shoumped out right away! Vat moost I pe tooin? Tem oysters moost nefer go to waste!

Enter L, SUSIE followed by HENRY DASHER.

Susie. Walk in Mr. Dasher! We have had a slight accident. Take a seat here, please. (*Seats him on sofa.*) Excuse me for a moment.

Dasher. Certainly! (*Exit Susie, R.*) What on earth is that

fellow doing. (*Hans empties cards from a card-basket on the table, and picks up the oysters one by one on his knife blade.*) Is he an escaped lunatic? Fellow, you will injure that basket. (*Aside.*) My present to Susie too! Confound him.

Hans. Py dunder is dot ine basket? I dink dot was one plate.

Enter SUSIE, R, with a pan, spoon and towel.

Susie. Oh Mr. Von Smash, you've ruined my card basket? It's too bad, Henry. (*Cleans up the oysters.*)

Dasher. Von Smash! What a name! Susie, I've a mind to smash his head!

Susie. It was an accident, Henry. He is not acquainted with our ways. (*Exit with pan.*)

Hans. Tem oysters was clean. I did not pick tem mit mein fingers.

Dasher. Pah! An accident indeed! He's a blockhead. (*Paces back and forth.*)

Hans. (*Aside.*) I p'leives dot feller was one tramp. He looks sassy sometimes. (*Aloud.*) Say meester, vere was you goin'?

Dasher. That is my own business.

Hans. Ya! ya! I was goin' to find out a leetle vere you was goin'.

Dasher. I am going nowhere.

Hans. Goin' to shtay all night.

Dasher. Attend to your own business, Dutchy, or I'll not be responsible for the consequences. (*Aside.*) I'd as soon lick that chap as eat.

Hans. (*Looks puzzled. Aside.*) I dinks dat bin one tramp. Meester, hat you got dis visit pooty much ofer?

Dasher. (*Excitedly.*) Fellow, leave this room. I wont stand your insolence any longer.

Hans. Now I knows you are one tramp. You makes te mischief yoost as Mr. Patch said. Mine frient, let me geef you one leetle shtick of advice. (*Approaches Dasher.*)

Dasher. Sir, I'm no tramp, I'd have you understand. I'll have satisfaction for that insult! (*Squares at Hans.*)

Hans. Listen for dot atwice. "Tink dwice oond shpeak. Shoomp two times oond look back." Now shoomp towards dot door.

Dasher. Villain! Touch me if you dare, and I'll break your head.

Hans. (*Approaching Dasher.*) You petter go or I kicks you ofer te yard oond out of te fence. (*Dasher strikes at Hans. Hans kicks him.*)

Enter SUSIE, R.

Dasher. Scoundrel! (*Hans seizes Dasher. They struggle. Hans collars Dasher and leads him to the door and kicks him out.*)

Hans. Shoomp anoder time!

Susie. Mr. Smash! Henry! What's the matter? Please Mr. Smash don't hurt him. (*Exeunt all L.*)

Enter MARY, R.

Mary. I thought I heard a noise. Where can Susie and Mr. Dasher be? Walking on the porch I presume. John is very late this evening.

Enter HANS, L.

Hans. Eef dot fellow comes pack I moost kick him like one big mule team.

Mary. Why Mr. Von Smash have you not retired yet?

Hans. Tired! Ya! I pin tired oond shleepy, but I stays here a leetle spell yet. (*Bell rings Exit Mary L*) Vell dis ist one strange house vere people rings pells oond dont go to ped at all.

Enter MARY and JOHN PRETTYMAN, L.

Mary. Take a seat Mr. Prettyman. (*John seated R of table, Mary seated on sofa.*) You are late this evening, John.

Prettyman. Yes, I was detained at the store longer than usual.

Enter HANS, L.

Hans. Himmel! how dot fellow shwore out in te street! (*Sees Prettyman.*) Py dunder, anoder one I pleives. (*Seats himself L.*)

Mary. (*To Prettyman.*) I declare! There's our hired man! What has he come down stairs for? (*To Hans.*) Anything the matter, Hans?

Hans. Nein! I was pooty well!

Mary. Couldn't you find your bed-room?

Hans. I haf not time yet to hunt him.

Mary. Why, Mr. Von Smash, your work is all done. You can retire anytime. I will show you the way.

Hans. Ach! I bin not sleepy. (*Aside.*) I yoost keeps on dot fellow mit one eye.

Mary. Well I never! Where's Susie and Mr. Dasher? This is a trick of Susie's, I know.

Prettyman. (*With drawl.*) Weally now, Miss Mary, that is quite a trick.

Mary. I'll get even with her Mr. Prettyman! I'll send him to sit on the porch with them.

Prettyman. Ah! Miss Mary! That's a capital idea, now weally.

Mary. Mr. Von Smash, will you please sit on the porch a while and listen if Pa's coming? I think he will be here soon, and when he comes he will need a-sistance with the horses.

Hans. Ya! Ya! I watches te porch.

Mary. Till tather comes! You are very kind, Hans.

Hans. Ach! dot bin all right. (*Aside.*) Py dunder! I listens on te porch mit one ear, oond on dot fellow nit anoder ear. Mebbe dot was goin' to be anoder tramp. (*Exit L.*)

Prettyman. Strategy, Miss Mary, will ovehturn empiahs. (*They seat themselves with their back to the door L.*)

Mary. Oh! I m quite a strategist, Mr. Prettyman.

Prettyman. Ah, indeed you are; and your conquests are as lasting as complete.

Mary. That hadn't occurred to me, John.

Prettyman. Vewy twue, I assure you. (*Moves his chair closer to Mary's.*)

Hans. (*Opens door L and peeps in.*) Dot fellow petter keep shstill.

Prettyman. (*Draws chair closer.*) Deah Miss Mary, the conquests of fwriendship and—ah—and—

Hans. (*Steps inside. Aside.*) Eef dot tramp touches dot gal, I knocks his head off.

Prettyman. I was just saying, ah! that—ah!

Hans. (*Aside.*) He petter tink a coople dimes before he shpeaks once.

Prettyman. The conquests of love, ah! (*Suddenly puts his arm around Mary and kisses her. She gives a little scream.*)

Hans. (*Seizes Prettyman by the collar and jerks him from the chair.*) You shtop dot pooty quick!

Prettyman. Weally, ah! this is somewhat sudden, and disagreeable, too. I certainly meant no offense.

Hans. Fence! Vell yoost put dot fence between you oond te house right away.

Mary. Why, Hans, what are you doing?

Hans. Meester Patch sait eef a fellow was doin' meeschief, he was one tramp. Dot fellow was doin's meeschief. He was attactin' one single woman, oond he moost go out of dis house.

Mary. (*Laughing.*) Oh, you are mistaken, Hans; he is a friend of mine.

Hans. Ine frient! Vell, I guess he was one pooty goot frient eef you takes all dot from him.

Mary. John, we will sit on the porch, too, as Hans seems determined to occupy this room.

Prettyman. Weally, I would pitch that fellow out of the woom, but I vewy much dislike to have anything to do with such disagreeable characters. (*Exeunt John and Mary L.*)

Hans. Vat funny peoples dese Americans bin! Dot was gweer frientship. Mebbe a fellow likes dot after he learns it.

Enter KATIE, R.

Katie. Faith, Misther Von Smash-up, an' are ye here all alone? Where are the girrels an' their shwatehearts?

Hans. The girls? Tey bin on te porches. (*Aside.*) Py dun-der! I plieves I tries dot frientship.

Katie. Shure an' aint you lonesome shpindin' the avnin' all by yersilf? (*Seats herself on the sofa.*)

Hans. Ya! Ya! a leetle pit. Katrina, I likes te Americans pooty goot.

Katie. (*Aside.*) He takes me for an American, an' why shouldn't he? Have a seat Misther Hans?

Hans. I likes te frientship in dis country. (*Puts his arm around*

Katie's neck and presses her head against his shoulder.) Dot bin goot. (*Laughs.*)

Katie. (Releases herself and gives him a ringing slap in the face. Both jump up.) What are ye doin'? Ye've towzed me head intirely, and me switch is clane ruined.

Hans. (Rubbing his face.) I was not—I did not—

Katie. You're a dunce, I'm thinkin'.

Hans. Don't bin mat! Dot bin only frientship.

Katie. Quare friendship indade! I thought ye was shtalin' a kiss, and I'll have none of that. I'll forgive ye this time. (*Sits herself on sofa.*)

Hans. A kees! I nefer thought like dot. (*Aside.*) I tries dot kees. (*Sits himself beside Katie.*) Meester Patch ist one nice man.

Katie. Yis, indade, he is.

Hans. I likes him, oond I likes dis blace, oond I likes dese American gals. (*Kisses Katie.*)

Enter PATCH suddenly L.

Katie. Och, ye sly rouge! (*Sees Patch.*) Misther Patch! I declare! (*Runs out R.*)

Patch. How's this, Hans! I can't allow any more of that in my house.

Hans. Dot have bin enough dis time.

Patch. This time! You are getting acquainted very fast, I think.

Hans. I tink zo.

Patch. No more of this in future, you rascal.

Hans. I was makin' frientship.

Patch. So I see. Very fast, too! (*Pauses.*) Did you feed the horses and pigs, as I told you?

Hans. Ya! I feets te pigs one pushel apiece of corns, oond te horses one pushel apiece of weat.

Patch. Wheat! You gave the horses a bushel apiece of wheat! You have foundered them and ruined me, you blundering scoundrel! (*Rushes out R.*)

Hans. Dunder oond blitzen! I p'lieves dot Patch bin mat like plazes.

Enter L, DASHER, PRETTYMAN, MARY and SUSIE.

Hans. Here ist dot fellow wat shoumped a couple of dimes, oond now he was lookin' pack.

Dasher. Dutchy, you are a lunatic; you must leave this room, and be quick about it.

Hans. Ach! Ist dot so?

Susie. Henry, please let him alone. Don't have any more disturbance.

Mary. Oh, dear, no! pa wouldn't like it

Dasher. Your father evidently was not aware of the dangers he was subjecting his daughters to when he left that fellow to take care of them.

Prettyman. Ah! Dasheh, the fellow desehves seveh punishment for his disagweeable conduct, but—ah—migh'n't the consequences be uncomfortable, eh?

Dasher. The fellow is evidently dangerous, and should be secured. He dared to lay hands on me, confound him.

Hans. Nein! I laid dot on mit mine foot.

Dasher. Villain, this is too much! Prettyman, if you are not a coward, you will assist me.

Mary. } Oh, dont!
Susie. }

Hans. (Puzzled.) Vot he bin doin'? I don't fershtay dot.

Prettyman. Weally, discwetion is the better part of valoh, but I think, Dasheh, if you can manage to hold the wetch, I can pwevent his injuwing the ladies. (*Dasher seizes Hans and chokes him against the wall.*)

Mary. Mercy! Mr. Prettyman, separate them! Murder!

Susie. Henry! Mr. Dasher! Help!

Enter hastily BATCH and KATIE, R.

Batch. (*Separates them.*) What is this row about? Plague take it! What do you mean?

Dasher. You have employed a madman, and turned him loose in your house to wrong your family and insult your guests. He has created pandemonium here.

Batch. (*To Hans.*) Is this the case?

Hans. Pantimony! I don't know dot fellow.

Prettyman. He is a wegulah despewadoh.

Katie. Indade an' it's a shame that he should turn the house upside down with his furrin ways a worryin' dacint people. (*Aside.*) Faith an' he's a good-hearted bye after all.

Batch. Can it be that I am mistaken in you so badly, Mr. Von Smash?

Hans. Mebbe dot bin so, Meester Patch. I yoost p'lieved tem poys was tramps, oond I yoost kicked tem out mit te house, like you told me. (*Batch, Katie, and Hans laugh heartily.*)

Batch. Taken for tramps! (*Laughs heartily again.*) Well, boys, that's a joke; that will pass! (*Laughs.*) It's a good one!

Susie. Hans, did not mean it, pa!

Batch. The better joke, then.

Mary. But it was all a mistake.

Batch. Well, gentlemen, since it was all a mistake and seems to be about an even thing, I'll apologize for Hans. But, you rascal, you said you fed the horses wheat, when you put oats into the troughs. Besides you did n't bring a single horse into the stable to get his feed.

Hans. Ven I goes out to te field for tem horses I yoost put te pridle shtrap ofer te head of dot big gray horse vot ist poss of dot puisness. Ven I took my two hands to open dot horse's mouth to put in dot leetle iron shtick, dot pridle dropt oond shtriked hees

legs. Py dunder! dot horse, mit te oders after heem, went ofer dot field like one shreak of lightnin'.

Batch. And your stupidity has ruined a good bridle?

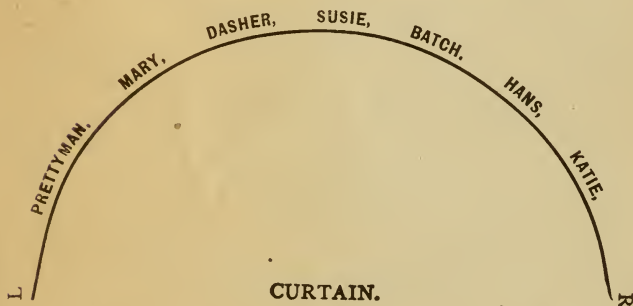
Hans. Nein! Dot pridle bin all goot. More as one hour afterwards dot pridle was shtickin' on dot horse's neck.

Batch. (*Laughs heartily.*) Well, Hans, I guess you will learn in time, though to-day I think you have succeeded in turning things thoroughly topsy turvy.

Hans. Ya! Ya!

Batch. You certainly have made good your right to the name HANS VON SMASH.

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